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MOTHER EARTH

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I HAVE NOT LOVED THE WORLD

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the falling: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

—Lord Byron, in *"Childe Harold."*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

CIVILIZATION and progress are words much conjured with. We boast of our industrial development and speak with pride of our commercial growth and even our intellectual achievements. We point the finger of scorn at the "backward" nations and enlarge upon our own steady progress.

But *what is progress?* Giants of stone and steel, reared on human bones; mills and factories, slaughter-houses of body and mind; successful corners in the necessaries of life; multiplied volumes of statute books; the perfection of man-killing weapons; increased navies and armies—are these the meaning of civilization, the acme of progress?

We seem to have lost all sense of criterion. Civilization has become synonymous with suppression of the weaker. The tower of Babel represents our ideal of progress. Scarlet piles of stone or gold upon the ruins of human souls are the measure of our success.

We have been stricken with blindness by the glare of Mammon. We have lost our path on the Broadway of Success. Yet Life is more, far more than mere success. And Life is individual. The one purpose of being is development; in free expression alone is satisfaction. Expression is growth; growth in freedom, progress.

In man alone is progress. The external and the social must but indicate the inner. Woe to them when they hinder instead of reflecting the soul. That is barbarism, slavery.

* * *

"HUNGER made her cruel," reads the headline of one of our dailies, referring to the mother who had bound the hands of her four-year-old child with oil-soaked rags and then set them on fire. In court the woman said that she had suspected the child of stealing the last quarter they had for household expenses, and hunger and desperation caused her to endeavor to make the child confess where the quarter was.

This scene from the tragedy of life hardly needs a comment. Can there be anything more degrading, more unspeakably horrible than the conditions of life which will drive a mother to burn her child from sheer

desperation of hunger? No more damning accusation could be brought against a state of things which brutalizes and perverts the mother instinct in such a terrible way. How pitiful our boast of national prosperity in the face of such awful privation.

Can society ever sufficiently attone to that poor, hunger-crazed mother—and her thousand fellow-victims—for the terrible misery and suffering, the countless social crimes which culminate in a hunger-crazed mother's infanticide? Christian Society! Thy sons dehumanized, thy daughters prostituted; manhood and womanhood utterly corrupted; all, all degraded and debased, even the most sacred instincts of a mother perverted beyond recognition.

Did society try to atone to that poor, hunger-crazed mother? Did they comfort and cheer her? She was brought before the bar of justice, and a Christian judge, in his wisdom and goodness, adjudged her "guilty" and sent her to prison.

Thus the law punishes the crimes of its own creation. Thus we attempt to hide the cancer on the social body. Poverty is no fit sight for the prosperous. Away with *les misérables!*

But the day of atonement is coming.

* * *

THE bloody baptism of the solidaric General Strike movement in France, terrible as the governmental atrocities are, is not without an encouraging note. The more brutal the powers that be, the more thoroughly will the workingman learn to know his enemies.

The deliberate killing of a number of strikers at Vigneux was the capitalistic prelude to the expressed determination to crush the General Federation of Labor—that powerful organization of French workmen, whose aims and methods are consciously revolutionary.

The solidarity of capitalism and government is international. The French bourgeoisie have evidently learned from their American confrères that a labor organization, self-reliant, intelligent, and practicing direct action, is a grave danger to continued exploitation. Hence the determination to crush the French Federation and imprison its most radical leaders, similarly to the

recent attempt of our own plutocrats to destroy the Western Federation of Miners and hang Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. In each case the respective governments proved faithful and eager lackeys of the exploiters.

But the terrible fear with which the solidarity of labor and the General Strike movement inspire the masters will teach the disinherited the world over to make common cause and to appreciate to the fullest extent the powerful weapon in their hands. The blood of workingmen so wantonly shed at Vigneux will—as in all previous great liberating movements—consecrate the solidaric General Strike as labor's great emancipator.

* * *

THE advance of despotism is beginning to awaken the more thoughtful elements. The systematic suppression of free speech in various parts of the country, our new press censorship attempting to stifle all free expression, political imperialism, and the tyranny of the judiciary are fast converting these United States into an absolutism.

It is therefore a hopeful sign to witness some of the more intellectual magazines take up the battle with the powers of darkness. It is high time that the sincere and intelligent element listen to the call of liberty and realize the power they might wield for good in enlightening the public to the perils of our governmental development. We trust more magazines will follow the example of the *Arena,* which is so bravely battling against the Russianization of the Republic.

The thoughtful articles by Theodore Schroeder, in the June and July issues of the above-named magazine, will appeal to all earnest libertarians.

* * *

MRS. TAFT: "Please, Mr. President, won't you correct Willie's exercise?"

Teddy: "Delighted! Here, John (to the flunky at the door), have the Secretary insert my policies."

PROPER METHODS OF PROPAGANDA

By W. C. OWEN.

HOW comes it that, while other sciences have achieved their revolutions, sloughed off superstition, and to-day stand firmly on the solid ground of fact, sociology alone is still wandering in the fog of by-gone centuries? It is certainly so. No modern astronomer wastes a moment on the vagaries of the old astrologers; no modern chemist pays the slightest attention to what the alchemists thought; but, in sociology, even such a radical as Kropotkin potters around, drawing slippery analogies from the guilds of the Middle Ages. To the devil with the Middle Ages! What we actually know about them could be put under a wine glass; what we don't know would fill the biggest library.

In reality a whole party, that of the Socialists, that started as revolutionary, long ago became bogged beyond redemption in the alleged history dished out by Marx and Engels, and surely nothing can be more disheartening to a thoughtful and earnest man than to listen to the ordinary discussion at a labor or so-called revolutionary meeting, analyze the speeches on his return home, and note how small is the relation that they bear to the actual, imperious demands of present life. You could not induce an ordinary newspaper reporter to insert them in his copy, for he knows well enough that he is expected only to reproduce what is of present, vital interest.

My contention is that the weakness of the ordinary revolutionary propaganda lies in the fact that it dabbles in guesses about the uninteresting past, and speculations as to the still less interesting future, intead of anchoring itself to the solid facts of the present, in which alone strength is to be found. Lord Kelvin confidently sent thousands of volts of electricity through his own frame while his class looked on in horror. Then he berated it soundly for daring to question the accuracy of his calculations. Lord Kelvin was bold because he knew. Sociologists are timid, vacillating, and split up into countless sects because, for the most part, they are frittering away their strength on guesses. They never can be

strong and bold; they never can be united until they prune their so-called science of mere conjecture and confine it to what is the unalterable basis of all true science—ascertained facts. Just as the vital principle of the universe is strength—for, if we know anything, it is that the strong endures and that the weak goes to the wall—so the vital principle of every movement is strength, and strength depends on knowledge, and on that alone.

Other sciences have had superstition and vested interests to face, but have routed them and wrought, in their respective fields, absolute and truly successful revolutions. Why? Because the work has been in the hands of the superior few, courageous by reason of their intellectuality; men who have had the common sense and pluck to face facts and to rely on them alone. Sociology remains stuck in the mud because, by its very nature, it is in the hands of the many, who deal chiefly in fancies and aspirations, and are, therefore, weak and vacillating; blown hither and thither by every breath of that emotion to which Voltairine de Cleyre pays such tender tribute in the March number of MOTHER EARTH.

Miss de Cleyre! Real feeling, the feeling that buds into action, belongs to the strong alone, and the strong are those who know. Guesses never go farther than fanatical hysteria, and hysteria is ever sterile. My dog has a most limited outlook on life, but the necessary, basic facts of his existence he knows, and for them he would fight tooth and nail. Would you do as much for your Communistic fancies?

Up, then, with the verities, if you wish to create a virile, fruitful movement! Down, everlastingly down, with the barren brood of fancies! Simmer your propaganda down to what you KNOW; cast off the staggering burden of guesses and gather strength. This is meant to be a strictly practical article, and I can conceive of nothing more imperatively practical than to shed the superfluous in this toilsome journey; to winnow the grains of wheat from the innumerable bushels of chaff; the guesses from the known. Here goes, then, for elimination.

What do you know, for example, of "economic determinism"? Is it one of those verities for which you would

willingly die? Most assuredly not. I know every argument for it and think it a greatly over-rated theory. Anyway, it is only a theory and, therefore, cannot form the basis of a strong, virile, scientific movement. It is obviously one of those disputed subjects about which two subtle-minded philosophers could argue for years. Accordingly the movement that makes it one of its fundamentals will waste years in arguing and orating about it, as the Socialists actually do. Eliminate it.

What do you know about Communism? Warren, making deductions from what little we know, and that doubtlessly very inaccurately, of the French Revolution, insists that Communism would lead to intolerable tyranny. Kropotkin, supposed to be a scientist, believes in Communism. Herbert Spencer agrees with Warren. Nobody really knows. It's a mere theory, belonging to the future, which it will be the task of the future to work out. Why should you be so eager to rob the future of what properly belongs to it? I am vehemently opposed to the dead hand of the past, but I am equally opposed to allowing our vitality to be sucked dry by the vampire of what is to be long after we ourselves are dead and gone. Scholasticism, eternally delving into the past, we owe to the clergy, who for centuries had a monopoly of education, and equally to them do we owe our infatuation for guessing the hereafter. The shadow of ecclesiasticism lies over us far more blackly than we suppose, but boldly chasing it away is the virile figure of science, dealing with the present and its actual facts. "The past is dead, the present lives, and we are here." Please, therefore, eliminate Communism. It is a mere theory; superfluous baggage; talkee-talkee material that will keep you distracted and squabbling with one another just as long as you dabble with it.

What do you know about the solution of the land question? You know nothing. You can only theorize. Henry George—indorsed by Herbert Spencer and Tolstoy, two powerful names—was sure that the Single Tax was the one remedy. Tucker, and many other clear thinkers, believe that it would so augment the power of the State that the remedy would be worse than the disease. Here again the doctors differ. Here again you have a subject on which philosophers could wrangle for

centuries. You say that this is a practical question that we must solve, but that is precisely where I disagree with you. The solution belongs essentially to the future and is distinctly not your business. For my part, when I am asked how the land problem is to be solved, I answer: "Like all other problems, by actual experiment. Under free conditions the Single Tax men will try their experiment and the Free Landers theirs. The fittest will prove its superiority by surviving." So, obviously, will it be with the theories of Communists and Individualists, for which to-day we fly so industriously at one another's throats.

I appeal to actual fact. I ask the question, "Was not the George movement an eminently intellectual and apparently powerful one, and where is it to-day?" So far as any hold on the masses is concerned, it is practically non-existent, simply because—in the main—it has busied itself with unproved theories, and not with keenly felt present-day facts. In its denunciation of land monopoly, a painfully felt fact, it made a profound impression, but its unproved theory, pushed so zealously forward by those who are always so anxious to do something, killed it.

So it is with Tucker's movement. The trouble with Tucker is not that he is too intellectual, but that he is not intellectual enough. The highest function of the brain is to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential, and Tucker fails, I submit, because he fails in this. He does not discriminate between fact and theory; between the fact that must be faced to-day and the theory that can only be worked out under conditions of freedom and, therefore, belongs to the future. Consequently, he appeals mainly to the scholastic, the disputatious, who love discussion for discusion's sake.

I believe that I thoroughly understand to-day the revolt against the influence that the so-called "intellectuals" wield in the labor movement, and I, who am one of them, sympathize with it. Revising the work of years, I see now how, like all those whose lives are devoted exclusively to books and the weaving of ideas, I have loaded my own little propaganda with superfluous matter, the mind, in its professional hunt for fresh material, wandering into a thousand fields that have no connection with actual life. This is a vice to which professional writers

and speakers are naturally slaves, laboring under the delusion that they must constantly produce something new and display their wit, to make a show of earning their salaries and pose as intellectual guides. I know reputed Socialist speakers who never fail to remind their audiences that, without a knowledge of half a dozen sciences, it is impossible to understand the social question. They bewilder and dishearten the common man, and they make me tired.

Is it not apparent that, as the result of the division of classes and labor that now prevails, we have bred an enormous and most perniciously influential body of men, the trend of whose so-called intellectual work is to steer us directly away from the simple truths of life, to mire us in subtleties and to turn us into a race of library-haunting bookworms, whose brains are paralyzed by the volumes loaded on them? Do we not all complain—even those who are firm believers in it—that the law has been rendered so complicated that it is impossible for a layman to understand it, and is there not good reason to suppose that all literature is sick with the same disease? I can imagine no task more imperative for the Anarchist movement, or for those who are truly anxious for the final abolition of poverty, than to insist, mainly by the example of their own literature and speeches, that the time has come for a great simplification; that the programme henceforth is bottom facts and no learned frills.

Eliminate premature theories; concentrate on pressing facts. The former will keep you what you are at present —wrangling sects. The latter will give you the magic touch of nature that makes all men kin. Social problems are public problems, to be solved in the open by the public, along lines that appeal to all. They cannot be solved by hole-in-the-corner, monastically scholastic, cliquish methods. Common ground must be found and it can be found solely in vital truths; facts that have only to be presented plainly to meet with instant and universal recognition.

I feel myself always the most humble debtor of Benjamin R. Tucker, for his cold logic saved me from what threatened to become chronic Kropotkin hysteria—for I now regard Kropotkin's idea that the profoundly individualistic workingman will rise for any Communistic

scheme as the wildest of pipe dreams. But I certainly do not regard Tucker as infallible, and I believe that he would be the last man to wish any one to do so. I, therefore, wish to present him with a fact—what seems to me a potent fact. Here it is. Put Emma Goldman and Tucker before any crowd, and the former will be the one that will hold it. Because she is the better speaker? Not at all, but because she deals with proved facts, and Tucker largely with unproved theories.

I have studied Emma Goldman's methods carefully, for she is a successful agitator, and success is always the fact of facts. She denounces in plain language, setting forth indisputable facts. She does not theorize, for example, as to what may ultimately prove to be the best method of land tenure, but she does state the palpable fact that without land man cannot exist, and that it is monstrous that a Weyerhaeuser should be permitted to monopolize 32,000,000 acres of timber land, or an Astor to draw princely revenues from the laborers of New York while idling abroad. Everybody present immediately recognizes these statements as true; a profound impression is made; the audience goes away restless with discontent, and privilege scents danger. For privilege knows well that, however rotten may be the props on which it rests, they never can be overthrown until a sea of bitter discontent has been lashed up. It has learned its lesson, not from the musty history, but from the palpitating experiences of daily life, and it appraises mere scholastic argumentation at exactly its proper worth—in cents.

Emma Goldman does not bore her audiences with fancy pictures of the co-operative commonwealth that is to spring into existence when your party gets the majority of votes. She has the good sense to recognize that they would regard that as, at present, up in the air. On the contrary, she bends every energy to the demonstration of a fact—an enormous, trouble-breeding fact—viz., that this is not a question of the possibility of a revolution at some future date, as yet entirely uncertain, but of the present system having ALREADY BROKEN DOWN HOPELESSLY, since there are vast masses whom it cannot provide with the barest of life's necessaries. Hearing this, people ponder. They go away worried; harassed by an essentially revolutionary idea. They say to themselves:

"Great Scott! This is something we must think about right away. It is actually on us. We thought it was a matter that, possibly, our grandchildren might have to tackle, but here the thing is right under our noses." They become more and more restless; monopoly shivers; calls for its police and cries: "For God's sake, shut this woman's mouth." They do just that very thing, you know, and it is a most suggestive fact.

When Emma Goldman discusses Individualism she does not treat it as a pleasant theory, to be argued in dressing gown and slippers. On the contrary, she presents it as the essential principle of revolt. She says: "I give it you as the tonic that will brace you to the point at which you will say: 'Away with any system that forces ME to starve. Who and what is this sacred society that I should sacrifice MYSELF to it?'" This is a method of presentation that is exceedingly dangerous to monopoly and, therefore, the quintessence of health to us who are not monopolists.

Similarly, when Emma Goldman talks of the church she does not do so from the scholastic and barren standpoint of the Free Thought Leagues that, for a generation or two past, have made it their specialty to point out the mistakes of Moses, made some four thousand years ago. Not at all. She treats the church as an enemy here and now, because it preaches submission where men should be ashamed to submit; because in a society that is just entering on a titanic struggle for freedom and happiness, it throws all its weight on the side of restraint and self-crucifixion; because it gives us Puritanism and Comstockism when we are thirsting for joy and knowledge of the fundamental facts of life.

'Above all, Emma Goldman does not flinch from pointing out that the proof of the church's enmity and intrinsic rottenness is found in the fact that fully ninety-nine out of every hundred of the pillars of existing abuses are also stalwart pillars of the church. That is a powerful line of argument, for it presents not a theory, but a patent, easily verifiable fact.

Such, I submit, is the proper method of presenting the land, the general economic, the individual versus the State, and the free thought versus the church questions. It is the proper method because it is at once the scientific

and the dramatic method. The dramatist, the orator, and the writer, to be effective, must take the vague, general idea, personify it, and fit it to the here and now. He must take the mere abstraction that, applicable anywhere and at any time, would only faintly stir the few, and individualize it; making it walk across his platform, or stare from his page, so boldly that it leaps to the dullest eyes.

Pray do not think that I am praising Emma Goldman as Emma Goldman. I am using her to individualize my own argument, and, moreover, I try to recognize and account for a fact when it strikes me full in the face. Emma Goldman's success as an agitator is a fact, and I believe it to be a further fact that she, having the invaluable dramatic instinct, which forces its fortunate owner always to make the practical point, and being herself a member of an essentially practical race, instinctively confines herself to facts. This, I submit, is the secret of her strength; the strength of the scientific method.

A thoughtful and cultured Anarchist, who has read this article carefully, says: "Yes; but your entire programme is destructive. The people ask what is to be done, and you have nothing to offer." Should this article prove acceptable, I will show next month the illimitable field of constructive work that lies fallow, yearning for those who will work it by thrusting their spade boldly into the fruitful soil of actual, present-day fact. This will give better results than addling your brains with the pseudo-scientific, sectarian flap-doodle with which the Socialist movement has been rotten these many days.

GEORGE PETTIBONE

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

OF all the interesting figures it has been my good fortune to meet on my tour, that of Pettibone looms up like a star upon the firmament.

He died a few days ago at Denver, his home, from the effects of an operation for cancer.

Like all people who had witnessed from a distance Mammon's attempt and failure to slaughter three men on the block in that great social drama of the West, I knew little of Pettibone except that his great cheer and humor had never left him during the entire year of suspense and waiting in the Idaho penitentiary. When I saw him at Los Angeles, thin and worn from great physical suffering, yet with a face full of hope and cheer, I could readily understand what an inspiration he must have been to his two comrades in prison.

Stricken at San Diego, Cal., with violent stomach trouble, he had to be removed to Los Angeles, where he was kept under constant care and absolute seclusion. But when he heard of my arrival, he sent a mutual friend to ask me to call, "because I had wanted so much to see you all these years," he said, when I held his feverish hand. On that day he had enjoyed his first nourishment in weeks: an orange. I can still see the beaming face and his great joy that he would soon be well enough to resume his post in the battle against oppression and poverty.

He talked of many things. Of the judicial murder in Chicago, in 1887, that had proved a great factor in awakening his rebellious spirit, as it had in mine. He spoke of the events that were to furnish a second 11th of November, but instead had turned into a red-letter day for the labor forces in this country. He related many incidents of his experience with the bloodhounds, the Pinkertons, and how he used to make game of their ignorance and stupidity. He spoke of the authorities having attempted to induce him to turn against his comrades. "Just think of it! They appealed to my interests as a business man, and what chances I'd have to get free and become prosperous. How were these soul-

and mind-impoverished creatures to know that I would have preferred death a thousand times rather than to hurt one hair of the other boys."

Somehow it seemed to me that I had heard these big, loyal sentiments before. It was Albert Parsons, America's revolutionary pioneer, who refused to sign away his comrades' lives by securing clemency for himself. "Do you want me, the only American among the arrested, to free myself by tightening the noose around the necks of my comrades the more securely?" Parsons is reported to have said. He preferred to die with his brothers, even as Pettibone would have done.

The life of Parsons, claimed in 1887, paved the way for the liberation of Pettibone two decades later. Such is the inexorable price of progress.

Had Albert Parsons chosen his heir, he could not have selected a fitter personality than George Pettibone. His was a spirit all aglow with an intense fire against every form of tyranny; one that was at all times ready to stake everything for a great, liberating cause.

"I want so to get to Denver. I know I would grow well there. I do not really want life for its own sake, but to help the cause and those wo are making such a brave fight. It's for that I crave life so." And how he craved life! He clung to the hope of reaching Denver with every fibre of his being. That was three months ago. And now he is no more

The united efforts of greed and power to enact at Boise a second 11th of November have failed. But they were quite successful in undermining the health of Pettibone. When he was thrown in the bull-pen he was strong and vigorous. When he was rescued from the clutches of his jailers he was doomed to die from the cancer of the stomach.

There are not many Pettibones in this land of ours. But to know that he had lived, to have been able to grip his hand, to have looked into his firm yet tender face, is to have realized the great possibilities that the new dawn will witness in this country.

THE CAREER OF A JOURNALIST

A CONFESSION.

OURS is an era of deep social unrest; the finest minds and souls are filled with it; the social conscience will no longer be silenced.

The much-dreaded class of muck-rakers is steadily growing. Their criticism stops short at nothing, not even the most cherished institutions. In fine, we are witnessing the most radical transvaluation of all values.

One institution, however, our social critics have hitherto spared. Journalism, the disgrace of our age, the most shady profession of civilization, they dared not touch. The press, the supposed harbinger of truth, the bearer of culture, the teacher and moral guide of the people, was ever considered unassailable.

At last one came to the front who would not halt before the "sacred" shrine; one who found the necessary courage to tear the veil from the treacherous face of the press, so that the beguiled public may see, as it has never seen before, journalism at work.

Mr. William Salisbury, with his work, "The Career of a Journalist,"* has rendered society a great service by his graphic and able portrayal of the corruption and degradation of the American press. Having worked on the leading papers of New York, Chicago, and Kansas City for more than nine years, he is well equipped with the necessary experience to substantiate his charges.

Radical critics have ever maintained that journalism under the capitalistic régime has degenerated into a trade that condemns its votaries to mental prostitution. It is, therefore, encouraging, indeed, to find these contentions verified by one who speaks from personal experience. And what are Mr. Salisbury's experiences? Simply this: Every newspaper of to-day is under the lash of the political shade and business interests of his paper. Personality, intelligence, judgment, conscientiousness must make room for the holiest of all Trinities, Profit, Sensation, Lies. Indeed, the highest salaried editor, down to the obscurest penny-a-liner, must bend his knee before

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*E. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

that divine power. Thus the press represents a swamp that chokes the mental individuality of its writers, while the readers are made to content themselves with the slimy reflex of our decaying social conditions.

But let the author speak:

"I engaged in journalism with the belief that I was entering the noblest of professions. I found American journalism mainly a joke—a hideous joke, it is true, but still a joke—and the joke is on me, and on the immense majority of the American public.

"Journalism in America is, in nearly every case, but a business to newspaper owners and managers, and a trade to writers and editors.

"No journalist has any rights which owners or business managers are bound to respect, except in the almost unknown case of the journalist being himself the owner.

"To engage in American journalism, the first requisite is lack of individuality; and beyond a certain point, the more one knows, and the higher his aims and purposes, the less are his chances of keeping on the pay-roll—and the less should be his desire to stay on it.

"Anybody with enough money can own a great newspaper in America. The men at the head of railroad companies, of oil companies, of steamship lines, and of other large interests, including trade combinations known as trusts, are also owners of newspapers, secretly or openly.

"The owners and managers of newspapers are simply business men and politicians. Their ideal of success is money-making.

"Editors, reporters, and correspondents are but puppets on strings, the other ends of which are in the hands of these men. The employees, with less than one-half dozen exceptions in all America, have no more individuality than have department store workers.

"When I became able to do really important work—when, with added ability as a writer, I had acquired opinions and ideas worth expressing—I grew less valuable to my masters. What they wanted from me was what they want, and what they get, from other journalists.

"And what I was, other American journalists are, and must be, in greater or less degree. I was a Paul Pry, a tattler, a crime- and scandal-monger, a daily Boswell to anyone and everyone—all to promote the business interests of others. I realize, now, though I could only occasionally, and vaguely, realize it then, that at times I was worse than all this—in politics I was a veritable Hessian of the press, even a hired assassin of the character, striking from the dark, or from behind the mask of journalistic zeal for public welfare—all to promote the political interests of others. At other times I was an aid to piracy, helping to hold up commercial enterprises, and firing broadsides of abuse until the booty was won. Often I had to attack men and measures that I secretly longed to champion. On occasions, however, when it was not unprofitable to my masters, I favored good laws and good men."

A horrible picture, indeed; yet one conversant with conditions will not find it overdrawn.

"The Career of a Journalist" will prove particularly interesting to those who believe in "Anarchist conspiracies." It will tell them where and how these conspiracies are manufactured and launched upon an unsuspecting public.

Thus an "old-timer" to our author:

"This Anarchist business reminds me of the hot times in the old days. I saw the bodies piled up after the Haymarket affair, and it was a fierce sight, all right. There was plenty to write about for weeks then. But after the arrests and trials, excitement died down for a while. And in the spell before the hanging we had to do some thinking to keep the dear public interested. All kinds of rumors were cooked up, and every little gathering of harmless cranks was told about as a breeding place for terrible plots. We had the people believing that Anarchists were on the way from this town to blow up every ruler in Christendom. . . . The best faking in the Anarchist days—the most artistic—was done by Dickson, of the old *Herald*. We were all fakers in those days, I think, but Dickson had the whole bunch of us beaten for a while."

This old recipe seems to be in operation up to the present day.

The "ideal mission" of journalism is a worn-out myth, believed only by debutantes. Stupidity, ignorance, and dishonesty of newspapers are not only the exception; they are the rule. The cause of this, however, the author failed to grasp. The corruption of the press in its present form is a result of capitalistic development. The age of the journalistic reign of a Bryant, Greeley, Raymond, Storey, Dana, and Medill is no more. The time when Bayard Taylor earned his laurels as correspondent, too, belongs to the past. It is sentimental and impractical to long for the era of heroic American journalism.

Ours is the epoch of Spreckles, Ochs, Pulitzer, Lawson, Kohlsaat, Hearst, and Rosewater, and the Creelmans and Brandenburgs are the worthy exponents of this modern journalism.

When the nineteenth century dawned there were but one hundred and fifty journals of all sorts in the new American Republic. Less than two score were dailies. They were supported mainly by subscriptions. Now there are more than two thousand three hundred dailies, over fifteen thousand weeklies, and five hundred semi-weekly

newspapers in the country. This exceeds half the total number in the world. And these newspapers are maintained principally by advertising.

The United States census of 1900 showed that almost ninety-six million dollars was the sum spent for advertising in newspapers and periodicals, principally in newspapers; in that year the subscriptions and sales amounted to seventy-six millions. The disproportion between the receipts for advertising and those for subscription was much more on the side of the former in the case of newspapers than in that of the periodicals, since the latter charge several times as much per copy as the newspapers do.

This gigantic change is thus ably characterized by an independent journalist:

Our great newspapers were once controlled by their editors, who, whatever their faults, were moved by journalistic impulses. Those were the days of Greeley, Bennett, and Raymond. Then came the era of the counting room, when the editor had to subordinate the interests of his readers to the demands of the advertising patrons. Yet the impulse was journalistic—at least to this extent, that the interest of the paper as a whole was the governing consideration. But now we have come upon a time when the interest of the paper is treated as second to other interests in which its more or less anonymous owners are concerned. So long as those interests are prospered by the misuse of the paper, the interests of the paper as an independent enterprise are ignored. As the counting room dethroned the editor, so collateral interests of owners have dethroned both.

And as this process has gone on, a radical change has taken place in journalistic ideals. In the editorial era, partisanship gave color to editorials, but they were the honest expressions of their writers—except under Bennett, who taught his editorial writers to be automatons; and the news reports in all papers were, by journalistic ethics, required to be truthful. In the counting room era, the editorials were deceptive, but the ideal that the news should be true still had vogue. The natural effect upon the public mind was a popular aversion to editorials, but a child-like acceptance of news reports. Editorials are now intended to be deceptive, but they count for little,

and it is on the news reports that the owner relies for deceiving his readers.

Faith in, and reliance upon, the authenticity of even the news reports are, happily, on the decline. "The Career of a Journalist" will surely contribute to the demolition of that false and vicious idol.

Mr. William Marion Reedy, the able editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, is quite right when he says:

"The independence of the press is a fake. . . . I am inclined to believe that the time is about here when we shall have to return to the day of the pamphlet, if we are to have any such thing as free utterance of heretical opinion."

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

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THE REFORMED SCHOOL

(Letter from P. KROPOTKIN to F. Ferrer, founder of the new review, *L'Ecole Rénovée.*)

Dear Comrade and Friend:—I am very glad to note that you are about to issue *L'Ecole Rénovée* (the Reformed School), regretting but one thing: that I am unable to give it all the assistance I would.

Everything has to be begun over again in the schools of the present day. Above all, *education* in the true sense of the word: that is to say, the formation of the moral being, the active individual, full of initiative, enterprise, courage, freed from that timidity of thought which is the distinctive feature of the educated man of your period—and at the same time sociable, Communistic by instinct, equal with and capable of feeling his equality with every man throughout the universe; starting emancipated from the religious, narrowly individualistic, authoritarian, etc., principles which the school inculcates.

As regards all this, the work of the most perfect school will almost certainly be always paralyzed so long as the family and society operate in opposite directions. But the school must react against these two factors, and can do so through the personal influence of those who teach, and the manner in which they teach.

To ensure this, we must evidently, step by step, create a new exposition of all the sciences; concrete, in place of the present metaphysical expositions; social—"associated," if I may employ the term—in place of individualistic; and "popular" expositions, from the point of view of the *people,* instead of that of the leisure class, which at present dominates all science, and especially our books of instruction.

For history, social economy evidently, no one doubts it. But the same holds good for every science: biology, the physiology of living creatures in general, psychology, and even for the exposition of physics and mathematics. Take, for example, astronomy. What a difference when it was taught from the geocentric point of view to what it became when conceived and taught from the heliocentric standpoint, or to what it will be when taught from the point of view of the infinitely small, travelling through space and producing, through incessant collision, celestial harmonies. Or, take mathematics when taught as simple logical deductions of signs which have lost their original meaning, and, remaining signs only, are treated as entities, to when they will be taught as simplified expressions of facts which *are* life infinite and infinitely varied even in Nature. I shall never forget the way in which our great mathematician, Tchebycheff, taught us the integral calculus in the St. Petersburg University. When he would say, writing the given signs of his integrals:—"If, gentlemen, within certain limits, we take the total of all the infinitesimal variations that can occur in the three dimensions of such a physical body, under the influence of such forces . . ."—when he spoke thus his integrals became the *living emblems of living things in Nature;* whereas with other professors these identical signs were but dead matter, metaphysics without any real meaning.

Now the teaching of all the sciences, from the most abstract to those of sociology, the economic, and the physiological psychology of the individual and the crowds, requires reconstruction in order to reach the level of the science of the day. Science has progressed immensely during the past half-century, but the teaching of science has not followed a similar development. It must be brought up to date. First, in order that instruction, as already mentioned, should no longer be an ob-

stacle in the development of the individual; and next, because the cycle of instruction now necessary has become so much enlarged that the effort of all must be to elaborate methods which will combine an *economy* of energy and time whereby to reach the desired end. Formerly it was he who was destined for the career of priest, scholar, or administrator, who studied. He thought little of devoting ten or fifteen years to study. To-day the whole world wishes to study, to know; and the producer of wealth, the worker, is the first to demand it for himself.

There should not be a single human being to whom knowledge—not superficial semi-knowledge, but true knowledge—should be refused on account of time.

To-day, thanks to the extraordinary progress of the nineteenth century, we can produce everything that is necessary to assure well-being *to all.* And we can at the same time give to all the joy of true knowledge. But, in order to do it, we must reform the methods of instruction.

In our present schools, formed to make an aristocracy of knowledge, and up to now directed by this aristocracy under the supervision of priests, the waste of time is colossal, absurd. In English secondary schools two years of the time reserved for the instruction of mathematics are given up to exercises on the transformation of yards, perches, poles, miles, bushels, and other English measures! Everywhere history in schools is time absolutely wasted on the memorizing of names, of laws incomprehensible to children, wars, admitted falsehoods, etc. And in each branch the waste of time reaches outrageous proportions.

Well, it is easy to foresee that we shall be compelled to adopt *integral instruction*— i. e., teaching which, by the practice of the hand on wood, stone, metal, will speak to the brain and help to develop it. We shall arrive at teaching every one the basis of every trade as well as of every machine, by laboring (according to certain already elaborated systems) at the work-bench, with the vice, in shaping raw material, in oneself making the fundamental parts of everything, as well of simple machines as of apparatus for the transmission of power, to which all machines are reduced.

We must come to the *merging* of manual with mental labor, as preached by Fourier and the International, and which is already to be found in a few schools, notably in the United States; and we shall then see the immense economy of time that will be realized by the young brain developed at once by the work of hand and mind. Then, as soon as the matter is seriously studied, we shall find means to economize time in every branch of teaching. The field for cultivation as regards instruction is so immense, so vast, that the union of every spirit freed from the mists of the past and turned towards the future is necessary; all will find therein an immense work to accomplish.

My best wishes for the success of *L'Ecole Rénovée*.

With fraternal greetings,

PETER KROPOTKIN.

BLAKE'S "EVERLASTING GOSPEL"

By CARL WALTER.

THIS remarkable poem, or fragment, is perhaps the best of William Blake's works for showing the writer's mental position. For a hundred years literary folk have been discussing "Was Blake mad?" just as they will presently discuss in the legislative world, "Are Anarchists mad?" At present they take it for granted and destroy their writings, just as Tatham, in prudish zeal, destroyed much of Blake's manuscript after his death. The reason is always the same for these stupid acts: lack of understanding and a narrow mental outlook. From the extracts given it will be clear why religious bigots and other idiots thought Blake mad.

The first extract may be taken as a prologue. He at once tackles a stupidly limited creed that deifies a "hook-nosed Jew" and makes out that Blake and all of us are miserable sinners. He takes the Anarchist viewpoint and

says, "*If* you want a God, take yourself and let each man take himself."

(a) The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my Vision's Greatest Enemy.
Thine has a great hook nose like thine;
Mine has a snub nose like to mine.
. . . . . .
Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

Among the destroyed manuscripts of Blake was probably "The Bible of Hell," promised by him in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," in which we should have had a revised version, indeed!

There are four apparent beginnings for this incomplete poem, each one belittling a so-called Christian virtue.

(b) Was Jesus chaste? or did he
Give any lessons of Chastity?
The morning blushed fiery red;
Mary was found in adulterous bed;
Earth groan'd beneath, and Heaven above
Trembled at discovery of Love.
Jesus was sitting in Moses' Chair.
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be stoned to death.
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid his hand on Moses' Law;
The ancient heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole,
All away began to roll.

Commentators make much of the "symbolic meaning of chastity," but Blake was too great an artist not to mean what he said in the first place. And as for symbolism, of course "Moses' Law" is the law of the U. S. A. or any other land, Mary stands for any woman, adultery for any crime, and Jesus for an Anarchist judge. One of the beginnings further touches this subject.

(c) Was Jesus born of a Virgin Pure
With narrow Soul and looks demure?
If He intended to take on Sin
The Mother should an Harlot been.

What about obedience? Not even to one's parents, says Blake's Jesus:

(d) "Obey your Parents?" What says he?
Woman, what have I to do with thee?
No Earthly Parents I confess;

I am doing my Father's Business."
He scorn'd Earth's parents, scorn'd Earth's God,
And mock'd the one and the other's Rod;
His Seventy Disciples sent
AGAINST RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT—
They by the Sword of Justice fell,—

The same Anarchist idea is put clearly in extract (g). Another beginning reads:

(e) Was Jesus gentle, or did he
Give any marks of gentility?
When twelve years old he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay.

Blake took infinite trouble over each word and would never use "gentility" instead of "gentleness." The hit is clear. This ideal god-man of you gentlefolk was an outsider. He ran away to preach Anarchism to the scum of the earth. And how he preached it is put in yet another beginning.

(f) Was Jesus humble or did he
Give any proofs of humility;
Boast of high things with a humble tone.
And give with charity a stone?

That is, did he preach his ideals quietly and reasonably, like the police regulations of the age required, and did he give freely to the Unemployed Fund of the period?

By this time we have some idea of the hero of the poem. His virtues are questionable, he was not humble, gentle, or chaste, nor did he go about preaching his ideals with clasped hands and upturned eyes. His object was the *overthrow of religion and government*. In fact, he was the very reverse of the deified Jesus which religious persons try to thrust on everybody as the ideal man. In the following extract we get a little autobiography of the writer, for Blake went through it himself and knew what it is makes men burn with wrath. "His father's business" *can* only mean the carrying on of the world-tradition of rebellion. "The seraph band" is, of course, the *Gentility*. Caiaphas was the High Priest or Archbishop. God, it will be seen by the last lines, is Manhood or Humanity, the individuality of each human being or the Human Race as a whole. "The ancient elf" is probably Jehovah, whom Blake calls Nobodaddy, in ridicule of the "Father of All."

(g) What was he doing all that time,
From twelve years old to manly prime?
Was he then idle, or the less
About his father's business?
Or was his wisdom held in scorn
Before his wrath began to burn
In Miracles throughout the land,
That quite unnerved the seraph band?
If he had been Antichrist, creeping Jesus,
He'd have done anything to please us;
Gone sneaking into Synagogues,
And not used the Elders and Priests like dogs;
But humble as a lamb or ass
Obey'd himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not Man to humble himself:
That is the trick of the ancient elf.
This is the race that Jesus ran:
Humble to God, Haughty to man,
Cursing the Rulers before the People
Even to the temple's highest steeple,
And when he humbled himself to God
Then descended the cruel Rod.
"If thou humblest thyself, thou humblest me.
Thou also dwellest in Eternity.
Thou art a Man: God is no more:
Thy own Humanity learn to adore.—"

Then there is a note on the "loving one's enemies" doctrine (h).

(h) He who loves his enemies hates his friends.
This surely is not what Jesus intends.
He must mean the mere love of civility,
And so he must mean concerning humility.

A characteristic epigram enlarges this theme:

I am no Homer's Hero you all know;
I profess not Generosity to a Foe.
My Generosity is to my Friends,
That for their Friendship I may make amends.
The Generous to Enemies promotes their Ends,
And becomes the Enemy and Betrayer of his Friends.

From the foregoing quotations it is clear that Blake thought of Jesus the Carpenter as a human rebel and claimed him as a comrade in the fight *against religion and government*. This poem is by no means an isolated instance, and Blake always wrote sincerely; that is, he did not exploit mental viewpoints for their artistic value. It is true that he used the enemy's weapons, their phrases and symbols, and it is amusing to see grave literary scholars turning these thrusts, or trying to, on their clank-

ing old shields of dogmatic mysticism. To such people Anarchist mysticism is as much a paradox as Anarchist political economy. Perhaps it is a strange and suspicious thing to some Anarchists. But mysticism is just as much neutral ground as are art and science. It is true that hitherto religions have sprung from it, and attempts have already been made to thus mutilate the mysticism of Blake, firstly by the blackguard who calmly destroyed half of Blake's life-work, and secondly by Ellis and Yeats, in their elaborate study of his larger and more complicated works. (Their object always seems to be to evade the obvious.) But the reason of this constant degeneration of mysticism is the sheep-like nature of Pre-Anarchistic Man.

* * *

WATER FROM THE RIVER

By GRACE POTTER.

THE forest was deep. The trees green and soothing sweet. In the sky fleecy clouds sailed. I do not know how long I had been in that beautiful place, but it seemed to me I had never been anywhere else.

One morning I saw a bird with flashing wings flying —flying. Entranced I ran and running came upon a line of people all marching in the same direction. I could see neither their end nor their beginning for the number of them. I, too, entered the line.

We came to a great tree, under whose branches sat an old, old man. He was at work with a pair of scales. On his one side were a heap of golden cubes. On his other a river flowing with water more sparkling than anything I had ever seen. And as I looked I knew that the river was the water of Life and that my fellows and I were souls about to be born.

There were seventy cubes on one pan of the scales when I came near enough to see. The old man said to the soul to whom they belonged, "They are your years." The man soul smiled, they were so many. But the old man, Fate, shook his head. "The golden cubes are useless," he said, "until they are dissolved in the water of Life. They are nothing of themselves." Then he turned to a pile of smooth, cold, gray stones behind him. I had

not seen them before. There were some large, some small, all hard. "These are the stones of conventionality, custom. If you want one take it from the pile." The man selected one and handed it up to Fate, who placed it in the opposite pan from the golden cubes. Then from the river beside him Fate dipped up water and beside the stone he dropped one sparkling drop. The scales balanced. Then he gave them all—golden cubes, stone, and tiny sparkle of water—to the waiting soul, who went to his birth content.

I waited and waited. Finally came a woman soul. Twenty golden cubes were placed on the scales for her. Then Fate waited for her to choose a stone. She looked the old man straight in the eyes. "Are they any good?" she asked, pointing to the pile of stones. "They only lessen the amount of the water of Life which I can dip for you," Fate said. "I do not want one, then," said the woman. And Fate, smiling, turned to the river and from it lifted up a great cup of water and poured it all into the other pan. And when he gave her the few twenty cubes and the sparkling water, more than many others put together had ever had before since I had seen, Fate smiled tenderly.

The next soul who came chose the largest stone she could find. Fate took it and wet but one tiny corner of it in the river and it balanced against fifty years.

And I waited and waited. When my turn came I found my eyes turning to the stone pile, I found my hand reaching to take a stone. With a struggle that was like lifting a mighty weight, and an effort that seemed to rend my being, I cried to Fate, "Why should I turn my eyes and why does my hand move so? I do not want a stone!" And with the last words my eyes turned from the pile of stones, and my hand turned palm up to the sky. I cried with joy. Fate told me, 'They were the eyes of your ancestors. The power that moved your hand was the force of the generations who have lived before you. But you spoke with your own voice!" And he dipped me up water from the river. . . . .

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

GERMANY.

Dr. Benedict Friedlander, a well known writer on sociological subjects, has committed suicide in a sanitarium. The radical movement has lost in him a fearless and effective worker. Dr. Friedlander was the foremost champion of the social economy theory of Eugen Dühring. His best known works are: "Der freiheitliche Socialismus im Gegensatz zum Staats-Knechtsthum der Marxisten," and "Die vier Hauptrichtungen der socialen Bewegung."

* * *

The editors of Anarchist publications in Germany are certainly not to be envied (nor anywhere else). Comrade Schmiel, of *Der freie Arbeiter*, received six months, and Fischer four months in prison. Their grave offence consisted in being "agin the government."

Comrade Albert Liebsch, who refused the soldier's oath of allegiance and who communicated his reasons to the authorities, was condemned to six years in prison. It goes without saying that his judges were good Christians. The Moloch of militarism senses danger the world over; hence so many victims are made to bleed.

FRANCE.

In the third volume of the "History of Socialism," which also treats of the history of Anarchism, Comrade Domela Nieuwenhuis refers to George Clemenceau as one of the literary Anarchists. In those days Clemenceau was a close associate of the Anarchists, claiming Jean Grave and Louise Michel as his friends. His works, "Le Grand Pan," "La Mêlée Sociale," and "Les Plus Forts," are still advertised in Anarchist publications. They belong to the best literary productions in behalf of human liberty—of course, that was long ago—when M. Clemenceau was not yet Minister of France, and today he is the guardian angel with the mailed fist of the French bourgeoisie. Despite all libertarian phrases, his is the most reactionary and brutal reign that was imposed upon the French workingmen during the Third Republic. The persecution of Anarchists, syndicalists, and

militarists, the large number of arrests, severe punishments, the number of extraditions, the repeated use of the troops, the blood shed in every strike, have surpassed all previous régimes.

Clemenceau is the most striking type of an upstart. According to the statistical report in Jacques Bonzon's review, *La Liberté d'Opinion,* this political parvenu claimed, since he became Premier of France, 185 victims, 135 of which number received a total of 83 years imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine.

* * *

A statue has been unveiled in Père la Chaise Cemetery, within a stone's throw of the famous wall against which so many Communists were shot down in the spring of 1871. The statue is in honor of Eugene Pottier, the author of "L'Internationale," the revolutionary song.

Coincident with the unveiling was the ceremony of redecorating the wall by a great number of revolutionaries, most of them comrades, sons, or relatives of those shot down by the order of M. Thiers. All took part in the double ceremony.

SWITZERLAND.

The Federal Council has decreed the extradition of the Russian revolutionist Vassilyev in spite of the widespread protest. Petty class hatred and the cowardly fear of political complications, because of the maintenance of the right of asylum, have induced the Republic to turn over Vassilyev to the bloody servants of the Tsar.

Vassilyev is charged with having killed the extremely brutal Chief of Police of Penza, and then escaped to Switzerland. His expulsion is not only a breach of local custom, but is also an infringement on Swiss laws, which do not provide for the extradition of political offenders.

PORTUGAL.

A number of comrades have been arrested on suspicion of having participated in the killing of King Carlos and also having known Buiza and Costa. The authorities seem determined to convict our comrades, though no proof whatever is forthcoming to substantiate the charges.

RUSSIA.

Our comrades of Ekaterinoslav have sent us the following appeal:

COMRADES:—For a time the Tsar and his government have silenced the revolution, and, not content with the legal murders of the courts-martial, are now busy massacring in cold blood those they have taken prisoners. In this wholesale butchery it is the Anarchists who are suffering most, hundreds of our comrades having been shot, and others consigned to terrible underground cells. When attempts have been made to escape from these living tombs, some have been shot and others court-martialled. But of all the massacres that at the prison of Ekaterinoslav was the worst. On May 12th a few comrades tried to blow out the wall of their cell with dynamite, but failed. Then Comrade Nagorni rushed out and shot at a warder who tried to stop him, climbed the roof, and, finding escape impossible, fired on the warders below, and then shot himself.

Only Nagorni and Ivanoff made this attempt, yet sixteen more were shot at once; others ran to the kitchen, but were found and shot. The soldiers, like infuriated beasts, went shooting into the cells left and right, and the death-roll was enormous. All the dead bodies were collected and thrown down into the yard below, and the Governor thanked his subordinates for their "good work," amounting to 32 dead and 40 wounded, of whom 7 were dying. The remaining 900 prisoners were searched, stripped, and flogged. Their food was taken from them, and they were not allowed to exercise in the yard. The dead were buried with as little noise as possible, as the authorities feared the workers of the town would demonstrate, because these methods had caused much excitement among the proletariat at Ekaterinoslav. Most of the murdered were working men who had been arrested as political offenders, and were destined to be victims of the scaffold or the inquisition. Our comrades who were wounded have now been handed over to be tried by court-martial, and we expect more executions, more dead, and more bloodshed.

We now appeal to you, comrades of other countries! We hope that you will condemn the actions of the tyrannical Russian government. Organize protest meetings and demonstrate in front of the Russian Consulates. We send you our brotherly greetings. Down with the tyrants! Down with State and capitalism! Hurrah for the Russian Revolution! Hurrah for Anarchism!

* * *

Since May, 71 persons have been condemned to death by court-martial at Warsaw; 1,200 were sent to the Citadel, and 800 to the Paviak Prison. These figures prove that the persecution in Poland is just as brutal as in the other parts of the Tsar's empire.

* * *

While revolutionists of all nationalities are daily being

sentenced to death or exile, the kind-hearted Tsar has issued a pardon for all "patriots." Lest the reader make a mistake, we remind him that the "patriotism" of those pardoned consisted in slaughtering men, women, and children during the pogroms.

HUNGARY.

Comrades A. Hermann and M. Glückmann, editors of the Anarchist journal *Tarsadalmi Foradalom* ("The Social Revolution"), have been sentenced to twelve and eight months, respectively, for a recent anti-militarist issue, containing articles by Tolstoy and Dr. Skarvan, and a poem by Gaspar Imre.

SWEDEN.

Anti-militarism is fast becoming the bugbear of all monarchical and republican countries. The Swedish government has also introduced a bill in Parliament calling for severe punishment for anti-militarist propaganda.

HOLLAND.

Acting upon the request of the Prussian police, the government has confiscated a manifesto issued by Dutch anti-militarists. The manifesto is alleged to have been printed in Prussia. Comrades Wurpel and Pieters were heavily fined for circulating the manifesto.

This action on the part of the authorities is absolutely unconstitutional from the Dutch standpoint. But constitutions are not for governments.

CHINA.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of our comrades, Anarchism is fast gaining ground here.

Comrade Lieu Sun Soh, a member of the group Chi Min Shie, has started a paper in Tokio, called *Equity, The Chinese Anarchist News.* The purpose of this publication is to disseminate in China the modern ideas of Anarchism, anti-militarism, and the General Strike.

To Madame Ho Chin is due the credit of being the first in China to advocate Anarchism in her review, *Chien Yee.* She has also translated the "Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation."

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.

J. Nielsen, Denver, Colo	$1.00
P. Steenstra, Paterson, N. J	1.00
Group "Freiheit," Paterson, N. J	3.00
N. Y. *World,* article by E. G	150.00
Subscriptions and Renewals	31.50
Total	$186.50

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit, as per July account	$351.03
Cost and office expenses, July M. E	180.00
Total	$531.03

Total expenditures	$531.03
Total receipts	186.50
Deficit	$344.53

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NOTE

We have issued, in pamphlet form, "What I Believe," an article by Emma Goldman which recently appeared in the New York "World." Price, 5 cents. Per hundred, $3.00.

LA PACE

Militant Anti-Militarist Organ

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